

# The College Cheer

ESSE QUAM VIDERI

VOL. XV.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1922.

No. 2

## AMERICAN COLLEGE FALLS BEFORE ST. JOE ELEVEN FLYNN AND PISCHKE PLAY STELLAR ROLES

Fighting desperately in the last half against odds, St. Joe scored a complete victory over their heavier opponents, American College of Physical Education, Chicago, on Saturday, October 22, by the close score of 27-20. American College led at half by the count of 14-7; undaunted, however, St. Joe fought furiously in the last half, registering three touchdowns and allowing the enemy but one in what proved to be the greatest come-back staged on our gridiron in years.

St. Joe won the game by great passes, completing ten of eighteen attempted, for an aggregate gain of 105 yards. "Gip" Fulton safely landed a thrilling thirty-yard pass; O'Connor caught one of twenty, and ran the remaining twenty-five yards for a touchdown. The main strength of American College lay in constant, telling plunges. In this they excelled our squad, but in forward passing were far inferior, completing four of nine attempted.

It was a wonderful spirit that evidenced itself in our team; every man fought with unusual determination. Captain Flynn and Quarterback Pischke, aided by Aldrich, Hip-skind, and O'Connor, were directly responsible for all of our points. On the defense Donnellan, Liebert, Madison, and Lucke, starred. The rest of the line held up admirably under constant hammering.

Flynn at fullback undoubtedly played the very best game of his career, gaining 122 yards in five great runs, registering two touchdowns, and frequently intercepting or spoiling Chicago's attempted passes. At quarterback Pischke established a reputation both by his capability of engineering plays and in landing forward passes. Of fifteen passes from Flynn, Pischke caught seven; one of 15 yards, three of ten, while the remaining three netted smaller gains.

### First Quarter

Chicago carried the ball to their 30 yard line after receiving Flynn's kick-off. They began the game with a rush, plunging through our line almost at will. After gaining

three first downs Chicago executed a thrilling 25-yard pass. On the next attempt at passing, however, Madison intercepted. Aldrich plowed through Chicago for 12 yards. On the fourth down Flynn punted, Chicago receiving the ball on their 20 yard line. After gaining considerable ground, Rogers tore around end for a 25 yard run, being stopped in great fashion by Pischke. Immediately afterwards Chicago suffered a 20-yard penalty for sideline coaching.

Neither team threatened until a few minutes before the whistle blew. A 12 yard pass plus a plunge of eight yards brought Chicago to within one yard of goal. On their third down our line showed a stone-wall defense and held Chicago to a stand-still.

### Second Quarter

With but one down left to make the yard for a touchdown Chicago hurled themselves against our line; St. Joe's defense answered nobly; seemingly they had held. But after the referee had pulled apart the tangled mass of humanity, he found the ball on the line. Chicago had gained the yard, and registered the first score. Settle kicked goal.

Flynn, receiving Chicago's kick-off, carried the ball to our 35-yard line. Then it was that St. Joe unleashed a volley of forward passes that temporarily stunned Chicago. Fulton seized a pass from Flynn for a thirty-yard gain. On the next down Pischke made the greatest catch of the day, a pass from Flynn, which netted an extra fifteen yards. Two more downs netted but two yards. Then, again, Pischke proved himself the man of the hour, safely landing another fifteen yard pass, and bringing the ball to within four yards of goal. Aldrich carried the ball across on the succeeding down for St. Joe's first score. Flynn added the extra point on the kick.

Pickett's 12-yard plunge plus Donahue's 15 yard gain on a pass proved of no avail, for St. Joe gained the ball. We lost the ball, how-

(Continued on page 8.)

## A RARE TREAT

Father Frank Thill Holds His Audience Spellbound.

When we are told that we are to listen to a Mission lecture, a certain feeling of luke-warmness takes possession of the student body in general. They are to listen to that "dry stuff" again. On Monday evening, October 30, we were informed that Father Frank Thill, Secretary-Treasurer, of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, with headquarters at Cincinnati, was to deliver a lecture. Despite his reputation as an orator, despite his well known activity, despite his knowledge of the subject, despite all these things, Father Thill was introduced to an unsympathetic audience.

Once his lecture begun, he had not proceeded far, till his audience was with him. He outlined the activity of the Crusade from the time that King, (now Father King laboring in China), first conceived of the idea back in 1910. He traced its development through the days when ruin and failure stared them in the face. He pointed out how it finally came to be organized in 1918.

Father Thill spoke from the heart, and his heart was in his audience. By this time he had become most eloquent. And then in the most persuasive, and yet pleading manner he pronounced the needs of the Crusade at this time.

Seldom, if ever before, did the student-body of St. Joseph's have the opportunity of listening to such a splendid and eloquent address. Splendid and eloquent because it came from the heart. The general impression made may be summed up in the expression heard on all sides following the address, "Wasn't he good? I could have listened to him for another hour."

Optimism is picking cherries with a magnifying glass, then eating them with your eyes closed to avoid seeing the worms—so people think; but Optimism is not Op. It's faith founded on the teachings of the best Book.—The Silent Partner.

Health is the soul that animates all enjoyment of Life. The unstrung nerves, the morbid mind, the impatient and the ill teach us our eminent duty.—The Silent Partner.



MISSION CRUSADE PRESENTS ANOTHER MOVIE

Rupert Hughes Presents "Remembrance"

Rupert Hughes' "big picture of the year," "Remembrance," was presented under the auspices of the C. S. M. C., on Tuesday evening, October 31. The picture was an adequate expression of American family life. Poor old Pop had his hands full, keeping his wife and youngsters in a style to which they had accustomed themselves. The children learned to neglect their old fashioned dad and even mother preferred bridge to home life. And then one day the veil was torn from their pleasure-seeking eyes and they saw their father as the grand old man that he was!

A STUDENT'S PSALM OF LIFE

Tell me not in mournful numbers,  
College is but waste of steam;  
For although they make some blunders,  
College men have got the "bean."

All enjoyment and not sorrow,  
Is the student's life today;  
Work put off until tomorrow,  
Gives new life and time to play.

Art is long and science tedious,  
And our hearts, though brave and stout,  
Like unmuffled Fords are beating,  
When the X reports come out.

Life of graduates all remind us,  
We can throw away our time;  
And some time can leave behind us,  
College life, the all sublime.  
—College Humor.

WATCH HIM CLIMB

We feel proud in numbering among the graduates of St. Joe one Fred J. Wellman. "Big Boy Fritz" is now drawing honors unto himself as fullback on the Purdue University Varsity. It was "Fritz" who scored the lone touchdown in a recent game in which Purdue defeated James Millikan College. Indeed, so highly is his ability estimated at Purdue that a large photo of our "big boy" in action appeared recently on the front page of the Lafayette Journal and Courier. And we delight in recalling that for four years "Fritz" filled a St. Joe suit as fullback on the grid-iron, as center on the basket ball team, and as infielder on the base ball nine. Congratulations, "Big Boy." Success be yours!

ORGAN AND CHORAL RECITAL

Second Annual Musical Treat Being Prepared.

Once again has the public been extended the grand opportunity of attending an Organ and Choral Recital at St. Joseph's. On November 22 our accomplished organist, Prof. Paul C. Tonner, will present a grand array of musical selections, several of his own composition. The College Choir, masterfully directed by Rev. Justin A. Henkel, C.P.P.S., will render numerous beautiful hymns. Though last year's Recital was splendid, this year's promises to eclipse it. For our edification the accompanying programme has been prepared:

P. C. Tonner—  
Sonata in C Minor, op. 35—L. Boslet.

Choir—  
Pueri Hebraeorum (four voices)—G. P. Palestrina.  
(b) O Sacrum Convivium—Gregorian Chant.  
(c) Libera Me and Tunc Acceptabis—P. Lasso.

P. C. Tonner—  
(a) Toccata in D Minor—J. S. Bach.  
(b) Consolation—Minor C. Baldwin.  
(c) Offertoire de Sancte Cecile No. 2—E. Battiste.

Choir—  
(a) Jesu Dulcis Memoria (four voices)—L. Da Vittoria.

(b) Ecce Sacerdos—Gradual from the Missal.  
(c) Ave Maria (Soprano solo and five voices with organ)—By Rev. Justin A. Henkel, C.P.P.S.

P. C. Tonner—  
(a) Idyl—C. J. Grey.  
(b) First Movement from Sonata in D Minor—A. Guilmont.  
(c) Will o' the Wisp—G. Nevin.

Choir—  
(a) Tenebrae Factae Sunt (four voices)—M. Haydn.  
(b) Super Flumina—Gregorian Chant.  
(c) I'll Sing a Hymn to Mary (four voices)—Rev. Justin A. Henkel, C.P.P.S.

P. C. Tonner—  
(a) Andante from Fifth Symphony—L. Van Beethoven.  
(b) Miserere from II Trovatore—G. Verdi.  
(c) Concert Fantasy on Schiller's "The Bell"—P. C. Tonner.

Choir—  
(a) Sanctus and Benedictus (two voices with organ)—By Rev. Justin A. Henkel, C.P.P.S.  
(b) Oculi Omnium and Lauda Sion—Fr. Koenen.

P. C. Tonner—  
Lohengrin, Introduction to the Third Act—R. Wagner.  
Finis.

Harding has bought a farm. Making it pay will be much harder than his present job.—Logansport Pharos-Tribune.

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## A CHARACTER OF MYSTERY

One rainy evening in November, while dozing before a crackling grate-fire, I was startled from my dreamy state of coziness by the sudden din of the telephone bell. Reluctantly I arose to answer the unbidden summons. In vain I violently expostulated with my friend who harbored the preposterous idea that I come to confer with him on some important affair. Finally, conquered by his arguments and pressing pleas, I agreed.

The night was chill, dismal, and overhung with a fog that the blinking street lamps but faintly pierced. The air was sodden, heavy, and pervaded with a rain that my tightly-drawn coat but scarcely resisted. Everything seemed cold, dark, and dead.

Oppressed as I was by the uncongenial atmosphere without and by sad, disheartening thoughts within, I scarcely noticed the figure of a man, as old and wretched as the nearby houses, slinking along in front of me. There was something so mysterious about that man; something that was not in his slovenly gait, his indifferent carriage, nor in his depraved look, that aroused my curiosity and spirit of action. In the presence of a compelling adventure, my friend and my original mission were forgotten. I determined to follow this man and gain some more definite knowledge of him.

Down the wretched streets and through filthy alleys, I followed that figure. I saw it shun the brighter lights and more crowded avenues with, what seemed to me, furtive and hateful glances. I saw it zig-zag from one side of the walk to the other and stumble ominously as it occasionally quickened its pace.

Yet he, whose black outline was but dimly perceptible through the gloom, was unaware of my presence. Once or twice, when he passed under the gleam of an arc-light, I could see the ill-defined contour of a determined face. As he swiftly and fitfully turned round when I approached the light, I was forced to slacken my speed and obscure myself as best I could, lest I be recognized.

In the pursuit, many and diverse thoughts crowded through my mind. Perhaps it was a drunkard that I followed; a loathsome wretch, a robber, a murderer, an anarchist, or, worse than all, a visible Hellish demon plotting some fiendish design.

Upon turning another corner, I saw the river and its fog before me. Dark, silent and relentless as Time the deep river ran on.

Strangely enough, my man walked

## One Poem Written by 52 Poets

Some time ago an American was traveling in Australia, when he came to a sheep-herder's deserted shanty. In some old papers in the shanty he found a poem which proved to be a literary curiosity. The poem is composed of 52 lines and each line is from a different author. Here is the poem and the author from whose work each line was taken:

What strange infatuation rules mankind. (Chatterton)  
 What different spheres to human bliss assigned. (Rogers)  
 To loftier things your finer pulses burn, (C. Sprague)  
 If man would but his finer nature learn. (R. H. Dana)  
 What several ways men to their calling have, (B. Johnson)  
 And grasp at life though sinking to the grave (Falconer)  
 Ask what is human life? The sage replies, (Cowper)  
 Wealth, pomp and honour are but empty toys; (Ferguson)  
 We trudge, we travel, but from pain to pain, (Quarles)  
 Weak, timid landsmen on life's stormy main. (Burns)  
 We only toil who are the first of things, (Tennyson)  
 From labour health, from health contentment springs. (Beattie)  
 Fame runs before us like the morning star; (Dryden)  
 How little do we know that which we are! (Byron)  
 Let none then here his certain knowledge boast, (Pomfret)  
 Of fleeting joys too certain to be lost; (Waller)  
 For over all things hangs a cloud of fear— (Hood)  
 All is but change and separation here. (Steele)  
 To smooth life's passage o'er its stormy way, (Dwight)  
 Sum up at night what thou hast done by day; (Herbert)  
 Be rich in patience if thou in goods be poor, (Dunbar)  
 So many men do stoop to sight unsure. (C. Whitney)  
 Choose out the man to virtue most inclined, (Rowe)  
 Throw envy, folly, prejudice behind. (Langhorne)  
 Defer not till tomorrow to be wise— (Congreve)  
 Wealth, heaped on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys. (Dr. Johnson)  
 Remembrance worketh with her busy brain, (Goldsmith)  
 Care draws on care, woe comforts woe again; (Dryden)  
 On high estates huge heaps of care attend, (Webster)  
 No joy so great but runneth to an end; (Southwell)  
 No hand applaud what honour shuns to hear, (Thompson)  
 What cast off shame, should likewise cast off fear. (Knowles)  
 Grief haunts us down the precipice of years, (W. S. Landor)  
 Virtue alone no dissolution fears; (E. Moore)  
 Time loosely spent will not again be won, (R. Greene)  
 What shall I do to be forever known? (Cowley)  
 But now the wane of life comes darkly on, (Joanna Baillie)  
 After a thousand mazes overgone; (Keats)  
 In this brief state of trouble and unrest, (B. Barton)  
 Man never is but always to be blest. (Pope)  
 Time is the present hour, the past is fled, (Marsden)  
 O! thou futurity, our hope and dread, (Elliott)  
 How fading are the joys we dote upon! (Blair)  
 Oh! while I speak the present moment's gone. (Arkenside)  
 Lo; thou eternal arbiter of things, (Oldham)  
 How awful is the hour when conscience stings; (J. G. Percival)  
 Conscience, stern arbiter in every breast— (J. A. Hilhouse)  
 The fluttering wish on wing that will not rest. (Mallet)  
 This, above all, to thine own self be true, (Shakespeare)  
 Learn to live well, that thou may'st die so, too. (Sir J. Denham)  
 To those that list, the world's gay scenes I leave, (Spenser)  
 Some ills we wish for when we wish to live. (Young)

—St. Michael's Almanac.

down to the very edge of the river. While I remained above on the bank, he climbed aboard a steamboat which rode at anchor next to an old, sinking barge. I saw him walk to the side of the boat, place his foot on the rail, gaze long at the overcast and starless sky, at the distant, yellow lights of the city. I saw him as he steadied himself for an instant on the rail, and drew tight his tattered coat about his emaciated form. Then with what appeared to me to be an agonizing look of despair, he raised his hands and eyes heavenward and—

In a flash I saw it all, and with a loud shout, I rushed over the stones to prevent him taking the fatal leap.

But before I had gone half-way, the tired night-watchman of the boat had lit the lamp alongside the barge and stretched himself out on the deck for his evening's rest.

—Robert Gorman, Eng. IV.

A man we like  
 Is Elmer Pike  
 He always says  
 "It's coming right."

—Quills.



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## EDITORIALS

### ARMISTICE DAY

Just four years ago on November 11, the world received the joyful news of the cessation of war,—that dreadful conflict which enveloped the greater part of the earth and left in its wake ruin and destruction, hardship and suffering to millions of people. With a loyalty and patriotism almost unsurpassed in history, our heroic boys went forth with a willingness to give their lives, if need be, to bring the conflict to a successful termination. Many went to France never to return from the battlefields where they offered their lives on the altars of patriotism. It was in consideration of these things, together with the successful end of the war that former President Wilson made this day a national holiday,—a day on which loyal Americans still show their patriotism. It is for us who have stayed at home, while our boys were at the front, to show our deep appreciation on this day, as much for those who fell as those who have returned home. "Gratitude" saith the poet, "is the fairest blossom which springs from the soul; and the heart of man knoweth none more fragrant."

### THOUGHTLESSNESS

Thoughtlessness! Did you ever stop to consider how many wrongs, how many disasters, and what is worse even than disaster, how many heartaches are caused through thoughtlessness? If you are a thoughtless person, no doubt you never did. In two ways we can "sin" through this—well, it's nothing short of, so let us give it its proper name, through this "crime." Either we omit to do something we should have performed, or we do something seemingly trifling in itself through—thoughtlessness.

You borrow your neighbor's book and fail to return it, you slam the door in his face, you intrude when he is speaking; or, perhaps, when you are engaged in a conversation you address a certain individual only,—what does it all mean? It means, that if you do these things, you are a thoughtless person. You have no regard whatever for your neighbor!

But far more serious are the omissions, caused through the lack of applying your "grey matter." There's your chum—he's down and out, you don't know why, and the worst of it is you seemingly don't care to know—you fail to cheer him up.

There is that old friend in "the old home town." He's waiting for that letter you promised to write. But no, new faces have charms which the old have not, and "the stranger's face makes the friend's forgot." You haven't the "time" to write him a line or two and ask him how things are proceeding at home. Your neighbor is not feeling quite well—you know it, but what business is that of your's? He isn't dead yet! You fail to let him know that "somebody cares."

Or perhaps you have some little article, whatever it may be; you have no use for it, but your friend—that is what you call him—he's just "dying" for it! But you apply the old time maxim—"After ME you come next." Again you have something which you might share with your pal. You tell him all about it. Sure you do—he's your PAL; but you never think about dividing up.

These are but a few of the many instances where thoughtlessness gains sway over brotherly-love. If for one day you were bound and determined to be thoughtful in all you do and say—what would be the result? Why "you would go to your work—and do you know you would hum tunes you haven't thought of for years, and you would whistle snatches of songs—and the fellows around you would be saying—"I wonder what's the matter with Billy today?" And you would not know yourself. The world would seem broader and deeper and grander. Life fuller and sweeter! The heavens more clear! It is your heart, man, your heart! Try it! For the letter you failed to write, the kindly word unspoken, the friendly act unperformed, the harshness, the rashness you displayed—in general your thoughtlessness—these are the things that make you "blue," that make you sad tonight!

Some people are so good that they are good for nothing.—The Silent Partner.

## THE ORIGIN OF FREE VERSE

I asked  
A poet friend of mine  
The other day  
Why he never used  
The old forms  
In his poems any more.

He answered me as follows:

"The QUATRAIN, rondel, sestina, balade,  
Sonnet, triolet, rondeau  
And villanelle  
Were all right in their time;

But,  
That was before  
Editors  
Began paying by the  
Line."

—Reuben Peterson, Jr.  
The Fun Book.

## IS YOUR SPEECH BETTER THAN SILENCE?

Long ago a wise man gave the counsel to make your speech better than silence, or else be silent. This does not imply that we are to hold our peace unless we have something profound to say, and yet this rule, if strictly followed, would reduce a good many of us to silence a large part of the time. Carping criticism which does not aim at bettering, but is satisfied at picking flaws, complaining of our circumstances, recounting our woes, grumbling, scolding, ill-tempered speeches—all these are far inferior to silence. Unless you can say something better than this, keep still.—Exchange.

### A TRIBUTE

"The art treasures in the Vatican are priceless. In the matter of preserving traditions, if not the most indisputable evidence of the infancy of Christianity, the Vatican as an institution is entitled to the gratitude of all Christians. This is not the observation of a Catholic, but of an Episcopalian whose forebears were of the Protestant faith for centuries."—Ex-Governor James M. Cox, of Ohio.

In 1492 Columbus first sighted dry land, but this was 430 years ago. The Literary Digest now shows that we are a land of dry people living in a lot of wet spots.—The Silent Partner.

Russia has so much paper money now she may use paper-hangers for bank tellers.—Logansport Pharos-Tribune.



## WITH OUR FRIEND, THE JESTER

### WITH OUR FRIEND, THE JESTER

Bastin: "Say, Geyer, you know I had a funny dream the other night."

Geyer: "Yes? What was it?"

Bastin: "Well, I dreamed I died and went up to St. Peter and asked him to leave me in. He said: Here is a pick—go, level off the Rocky Mountains. I did—and it was like working out that fine last year, only much longer. Then St. Peter told me I could not get in until I dipped Lake Superior dry with a teaspoon. I told him to hand over the spoon and went down and worked two centuries doing it, but finally got finished. Then I thought sure I'd get in, but St. Peter still persisted and said I must go down to Collegeville to the Candy Store and sit there till Madison sets me up. Then I lost patience and told St. Peter I would go to Hades first."

Our friend submitted this one. "Pa had a secret, he told it to ma; now it ain't."—Quills.

As a matter of fact, nobody really wants advice, but everybody wants approval.—Quills.

Jack—Why did you break your engagement to the school teacher?

Tom—Well, if I failed to show up of an evening, she wanted a written excuse signed by my mother.

Froehle explaining a math problem to Vogel—(Scatching his head)—"Is this plain?"

Vogel—"No, it's solid."

A traveler had left his umbrella in a hotel, after attaching a card to it bearing in bold letters the warning: "This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal with his fist a blow of 250 pounds. Coming back in five minutes."

He returned to find his umbrella gone, and in its place the message: "This card belongs to a man that can run twenty miles an hour. Isn't coming back."

A young couple were occupying the porch swing later than usual one moonlight night. From a nearby window her mother inquired: "Mary, what are you doing up so late?"

"Looking at the moon mother."

"Well, it's twelve o'clock. You had better send the moon home."

Lots of boys are made smart at the top by being made smart at the bottom. — Logansport Phares-Tribune.

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### SOPHOMORES DEFEATED

Permeated with the real football spirit from the Rep's victory of the day before, the Freshmen nosed out the Sophomores on last Sunday, by the count of 7-6, in a game replete with interest because of the great Class rivalry. It was a bitterly contested game to the very finish, by deciding by the goal from touch-down.

For the Freshmen Anderson starred, carrying the oval across for their touchdown. Riede really won the game for them by sending the ball between the goal-posts for the seventh and deciding point. The playing of Kling and Endress aided the Freshmen a great deal.

The breaks of the game evidently were against the Sophomores, for although they outplayed their younger opponents victory eluded them. Quarterback Reardon rushed the ball over the line for their only touchdown, but failed to kick goal. In the Sophomore backfield John Hipkind and Monahan displayed real class, the latter especially at tackling. Fleck and Bochnowski were the main supports on the line, while Yeager at end showed promise of developing into a real player.

Will the Sophomores humbly bow to Freshmen superiority? Or shall we be fortunate enough to witness another contest between these rivals of the gridiron?

### REVENGE IS SWEET

The Sophomores evened matters with their rivals, the Freshmen football squad, on Sunday, by trouncing them, 19-7. The score would tend to the belief that the same was snappy; yet, compared to the

previous Sunday's battle staged by these rivals, it was a ragged exhibition, marred by frequent fumbles. Though both teams made costly errors, the contest was earned by the determined efforts of the second year men to avenge their defeat of a week ago.

Lefthalf Monahan was the main point-getter for the victors, plunging through the Freshie's heavy line for two touch-downs, and adding the one extra marker for which he tried. Weier, Jr., and Fromm were noticeably strong on the offense. Yeager again played a stellar defensive game.

The lone touch-down of the Freshmen was scored by "Mack" De Shone. Intercepting a short pass from Reardon, he raced sixty yards to goal. Riedy annexed their seventh and last point on the kick. The brunt of the battle for the losers was carried by Endress and Riedy.

These two teams have divided honors on the gridiron in the two games played to date. That the third and decisive struggle will be a battle royal is not doubted by interested fans.

### TURNERS ORGANIZED OCT. 8

Our "Circus Clowns" are organized once more. A meeting was called on October eighth, and the following are the officers that were elected: Russell Scheidler, Turnward; Robert Stock, Vorturner at Horizontal; Dozier Barrett, Vorturner at Parallels; Alphonse Lucke, Vorturner at Horse; Francis Burke, Vorturner at Tumbling; and Oscar Hempfling, Clownmaster. An unusual number of recruits have been enrolled, and from every indication the circus will be "bigger and better than ever," this year.

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## CLIPPER COLUMN

(BY THE EDITOR)

### An Ideal Exam

1. Who wrote Tennyson's "Idyls of the King?"
  2. What is meant by the terms, Football, Base Ball, and Tennis?
  3. Who is Jack Dempsey? Name one thing he did while in Toledo.
  4. Spell the word "boquet" correctly.
  5. Who is your favorite movie star? Why?
  6. Who won the world series of 1922?
- Note: Answer any two.

Again our Abel takes the marsh-mallow crutches for his bright remark in Expression 4; when asked what a "cuckoo" was, our renowned friend ventured, "an alarm clock."

### A FAITHFUL DOG

(By a Future Illustrious Senior)

My dog's name was Sport. He came to me when he was a little pup three weeks old. He was a bird dog. I raised him in his puppyhood days, and never ate anything without sharing it with him. Sport went with me every place that I would go, unless by some special reason I could not permit him to accompany me.

When he was about eight months old my brother went hunting and got some quail. He let Sport smell them. The dog nearly went wild. This showed the hunting instinct in the animal. Afterwards he became accustomed to seeing a gun, and every time I would get out my rifle he would bark with glee.

Then my brother and I went hunting. We always took Sport along, too. He got used to pointing coveys of quail and running down rabbits. Thinking I would beat my brother to it, I took aim and shot. In the excitement I forgot about Sport till I heard a yelp, and running up to a clump of bushes, I saw my pet with a bullet hole in his side and the rabbit in his mouth. There he lay, poor creature, looking up to me as if to say: "I know you didn't mean to do it, but I got the rabbit for you just the same." He looked at me with such pitiful eyes that I could hardly stand it. My brother said he would have to be shot, because he would never be any good even if we could save him. I told him to do it, because I could never point a gun at Sport. My brother shot him—he shook a little and died, never taking his eyes off of me.

I carried him home and made a box, fixed a grave and buried him. I could never eat any more rabbit or use a gun, because every time I saw either one, I was reminded of the tragic end of Sport, of my carelessness, and of that pathetic scene. Even though he was shot, he got the rabbit for me. I shall never forget my faithful dog, Sport.

—James Ver Wayne, Eng. I.

### WORSE YET

"Cowards die many times before their death. The gallant taste of death but once." That may all be true and beautiful—but just think how many years of life were taken off of a student's allotted "three score and ten," by four examinations per year. And now!! SIX per year! But why kick? Only FIFTY-FIVE days till Xmas and only ONE more exam within that time.

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# AMERICAN COLLEGE FALLS BEFORE ST. JOE ELEVEN

(Continued from page 1.)

ever, immediately afterwards. A great tackle by Liebert pushed Chicago back three yards; Flynn intercepted a pass, and our hopes beat high. These all went glimmering on the next play—Jones intercepted a pass to Liebert and raced across the goal for six more points. Settle again kicked goal.

The remainder of the half was featured by Flynn's 15-yard run, and another completed ten yard pass by Pischke. Score: Chicago, 14; St. Joe, 7.

## Second Half

Evidence of St. Joe's fighting spirit may be gained from the fact that they kept the ball for five first-downs, plunging and smashing against the Chicago line continually. O'Connor was then substituted for Aldrich. Flynn's attempt to drop-kick from the 35-yard line failed. Another pass to Pischke, a 20-yard dash by Flynn, and but four yards separated us from the tying touchdown. Vaulting over Chicago's line, Captain Flynn registered the touchdown. He failed to kick goal.

Liebert playing a fine, though not stellar game, downed Jones on St. Joe's 25-yard line just as third quarter whistle blew. Score: Chicago, 14; St. Joe, 13.

## Last Quarter

Chicago again swept St. Joe before them. After plowing through for eight yards, Pickett carried the oval across for Chicago's third touchdown. Settle this time missed goal.

A great 25 yard run by Fulton, a ten yard plunge by Flynn, followed by another of 7 by Hipkind availed naught when Flynn narrowly missed scoring a drop kick by hitting the goal post. The next few minutes brought O'Connor into the limelight. After several passes had failed, Flynn hurled the oval to O'Connor who was playing out 20 yards. Nabbing the pass on the twenty-five yard line, O'Connor darted for goal. Skillfully dodging two of the enemy, he placed the ball across the line. Though Flynn missed goal the point was added owing to Chicago's fault of being off-sides. This point loomed large, being the tying marker.

Great defense playing by Madison, Hipkind, and Donnellan held Chicago on the fourth down. This paved the way to success, for on St. Joe's first down Flynn, battering down all interference in the most spectacular run of the day, raced across the field for 45 yards; for 45 yards, for a touchdown, for the game! Amid great roars our hero kicked goal.

After frustrating one pass, Flynn intercepted the next and carried it

forty yards. An attempt to drop-kick from the thirty yard line failed. The whistle blew just as our fullback had again intercepted a pass. Final score: St. Joe, 27; American College, 20.

American College	St. Joseph's
Donahue, r. e.	Liebert, l. e.
Leitzall, r. t.	Lucke, l. t.
Shilliday, r. g.	Donnellan, l. g.
Looker, c.	Hoban, c.
Bates, l. g.	Costillo, r. g.
Pickett, l. t.	Madison, r. t.
Bissell, l. e.	Fulton, r. e.
Jones, r. h.	Hipkind, l. h.
Rogers, l. h.	Aldrich, r. h.
Sicard, q. b.	Pischke, q. b.
Settle, f. b.	Flynn, f. b.

Touchdowns: Bissell, Rogers, Jones; Aldrich, O'Connor, Flynn (2). Goals from touchdowns: Settle, 2; Flynn, 3. Substitutions: Fairchild for Leitzall, Moriarity for Bissell; O'Connor for Aldrich.

Happiness does not depend upon rank or station. The mind is the seat of happiness. Kings commit suicide, millionaires are miserable, peasants live long and love much. Cultivate an undergrowth of small pleasures. Great happiness seldom reaches age.—The Silent Partner.

It seems strange that nearly all of man's natural inclinations lead straight to Hell.—The Fun Book.

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